

The Tragedie of Hamlet

The poore aduanc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blacks the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence in't world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image
of a murder doone in Vienna, Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife,
Baptista, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of
that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not,
let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Lu-
cianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

Prince of

If I could see the puppets dallying

Oph. You are keene my lord, y

Ham. It would cost you a gro

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your hu
thy damnable faces and begin, con
for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands ap
Considerat season els no creature
Thou mixture ranck, of midnigh
V With Hecats ban thrice blasted,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire p
On wholsome life vsurps immedi

Ham. A poysons him i'th Gar
go, the story is extant, and written
anon how the murderer gets the

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, aw

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Ham. Why let the strooken D
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch while some
Thus runnes the world away. W
thers, if the rest of my fortunes tu
Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou doost know oh Damon
This Realme dismantled was
Of Ioue himselte, and now raigne
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rym'd

Ham. O good Horatio, Ile tak
pound. Did'st perceiue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the

Hora. I did very well note him